

Life

WORKING GIRL'S NUMBER



FEBRUARY 11, 1928

PRICE 15 CENTS

This is a Sample of the Work Done on this Machine.



BUICK dependability and low operating costs are mentioned with enthusiasm whenever motor cars are discussed. *There is* an inner circle of satisfaction among motor car owners and Buick owners belong to it.

The
**BETTER
BUICK**

The NEW MARMON



"It's a Great Automobile!"

[A WOMAN'S INTUITION]



"It's a Great Automobile!"

[A MAN'S DECISION]

OBEDIENTLY yielding to the silken touch of feminine hands, or in quick response to the hurried stress of masculine needs, *it's all the same to a Marmon*. With modish grace and luxurious comfort, the Greater New Marmon lures the world of fashion; likewise its proved design and sturdy construction appeal to those motoring experts who covet the performance that has never yet asked for or yielded quarter.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

ESTABLISHED 1851

Observing its 75th Anniversary • Leaders in fine motor cars since 1902

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REED & BARTON



WAKEFIELD



*A New Pattern in Solid Silver That Revives the Memory
of a Famous But Almost Forgotten Birthplace*

THE weeds run in riotous possession of Wakefield today, and only the gaunt spectre of an ancient chimney marks the hearthstone of the nation's first President. The Wakefield that gave Washington to America is almost obscured and forgotten.

Perhaps then, it is fitting that Wakefield with its memories of bygone glories—with its fallen walls that once echoed the laughter of the countryside's gentlefolk, should have inspired Reed & Barton designers to achieve the very latest in Colonial silverware design.

In the Wakefield Pattern in solid silver,

there is the unparalleled beauty of perfect simplicity that is characteristic of the Colonial Period. You admire the Wakefield Pattern for what it is—its grace, its charm, its perfect proportions—rather than for any decorative motif that has been applied to it.

And so we announce this new pattern as a distinct triumph in silverware design. Perhaps you, too, when you view it will catch the spirit it awakens of the Wakefield of old, with its stately elms, its gentle, soft-voiced gaiety, and even the gleam of candle-light on other silver that once served the First House of the Land.

Perhaps you'll see in the basic worth of Wakefield Solid Silver another suggestion of the sterling character of the man from whose birthplace it takes its name.

Ask your jeweler to show you this unusual pattern today. It is typical in design and workmanship of the character of fine tableware that has been produced by Reed & Barton for more than a century.

All dinner, dessert and breakfast knives have the new *Mirrorsteel* blades (registered trade mark applied for.) They are stainless steel with all the brilliance and lustre of silver. Furnished exclusively in Reed & Barton Solid Silver Flatware.

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

REED & BARTON

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

280 MILLIONS IN TWO YEARS

*America's confidence in Chrysler
superiority shown in unparalleled sales*

CHRYSLER "58"—Touring Car, \$845; Roadster, \$890; Club Coupe, \$895; Coach, \$935; Sedan, \$995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER "70"—Phaeton, \$1395; Coach, \$1445; Roadster, \$1625; Sedan, \$1695; Royal Coupe, \$1795; Brougham, \$1865; Royal Sedan, \$1995; Crown Sedan, \$2095. Disc wheels optional.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—Phaeton, \$2645; Roadster, (wire or disc wheels optional) \$2885; Coupe, four-passenger, \$3195; Sedan, five-passenger, \$3305; Sedan, seven-passenger, \$3595; Sedan-limousine, \$3695.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

In the two years since Chrysler cars were introduced, America has paid more than 280 million dollars for motor cars of Chrysler manufacture.

Such overwhelming preference—the most phenomenal that the automobile industry has ever known—is the logical result of the entirely new conception of quality, performance and beauty which Chrysler brought to motoring.

In the first twelve months following the appearance of the Chrysler, its sales totaled more than 32,000 cars—an unprecedented first-year record. In the same period, more than 51,000 four-cylinder cars of Chrysler manufacture were built and sold—a total of more than 83,000 cars.

And 1925 surpassed this high mark with total Chrysler sales of 137,526 cars, an increase of 66 per cent over Chrysler's phenomenal first year.

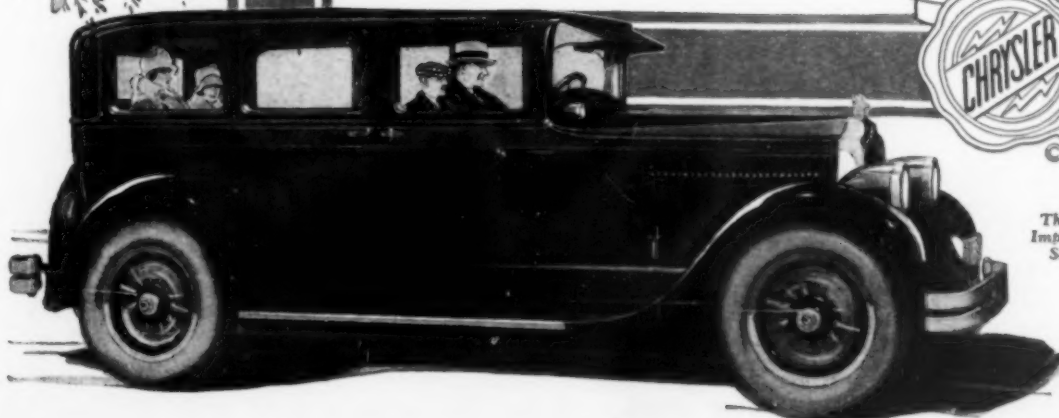
Thus, Chrysler has already overtaken the industry's great leaders of 15, 18, 20 years' standing—indeed it has passed many of them.

All America has discovered in Chrysler a superiority of performance and riding results, and a soundness of quality and value, such as cars in their price range have never before presented.

And now the new Chrysler Imperial "80" joins with the Chrysler "70" and "58" to carry Chrysler still farther along the high road of prestige and dominance.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER



The New Chrysler
Imperial "80" Sedan
Seven-passenger



THE AMBASSADORS' CHOICE

Those who are selected to represent this country at the courts of the great capitals must in turn select the things which will be in keeping with the importance of their missions.

Ten prominent diplomats have recently chosen Packard cars as affording that distinction so necessary to their activities.

In England, a Packard Six has appeared at the Court of Saint James's; while in France, an Eight has stood, an object of beauty, at the gates of the Palais de l'Elysée.

In either Six or Eight is found the full measure of Packard beauty, Packard distinction and Packard dependability.

PACKARD

Ask The Man Who Owns One

FEB-9'26

© C18692644



Model: SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF KEEPIN' ME HERE ALL DAY?
Artist: PATIENCE, YOUNG LADY, PATIENCE. I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS
BATHING GIRL COVER FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE OF *Hot Stuff*.

The Professional

"PIERRE," I asked, "how did you happen to break into this game?"
He shifted his napkin with magnificent dexterity.

"Well, monsieur, if you are really interested. You see, my real name is not Pierre but Joe Glontz. I was born in Salina, Kansas, and attended the State University. It was there I got my start by waiting on tables at the Sigma Mu house to work my way through college. I seemed to have a natural gift for waiting on table. In a comparatively short time I was considered the best waiter at the University of Kansas. By the middle of my junior year I had received several offers to turn professional."

He sighed in reminiscence as he whisked away my coffee cup and substituted a finger bowl with consummate skill.

"Yes, monsieur, that was the turning point in my career—when I turned professional. I owe my success in life to my college education."

Tears suffused his eyes so that he could scarcely see to present my check.

"Yes, monsieur, when I've finished the season here this fall and worked the winter season at the Royal Palms, I shall have achieved the last hundred thousand I set myself to earn. Then I shall return to my university for my bachelor's degree."

When I recovered my senses I remembered that somehow I'd tipped him five dollars.
Robert Lord.

FIRST PARTNER: Let's fire all the help.

SECOND PARTNER: Sure; where is she?

Life

The Working Girl

I LIKE girls; I like the ones
Who wear their hair long and have chaperons;
Who do not roll their stockings. And I like
The ones who do.
I like, too,
Poor girls; but then the rich ones also strike
My fancy, all bedewed with precious stones.

I like a cosmic girl with thought profound,
I like cosmetic girls with ruby lips;
And if she scorns the mocking wine, or sips
At random cocktails; reads the papers, dips
In politics or runs the social round;
And if I find her views on art unsound,
And if she rips
My ikons into bits, adores the sound
Of jazz or moves upon the sad ellipse
Of futuristic verse; if she abound
In paradox, I find, do what I will,
I like her still.

I like girls (I like the sex);
The ones who argue and the ones who vex.
The lazy ones, the ones ordained to rock
The cradle or the home; who darn a sock
Or shudder at a needle; those who mock
At business or who faint
At thought of labor, or who don a smock
And paint.

I like them, and if pearls were not above
My budget, I should shower them with pearls
Or roses, which are also dear, or whirls
Of dancing, or expensive food and drink.

I like them all, I find, yet when I think
Of pearls and things, combined with endless love
(Ah, that's a deeper thing, and marriage lurks
Close in its shadow), then, of all these girls,
Give me the one who works.

Roger Burlingame.

Historic Working Girls

No. I



Cinderella opens "The Glass Slipper Club."



A RECENT survey shows that only about eighteen per cent. of the farm homes of the United States have bathrooms. That being true, it is not much wonder that the country has not produced a really great tenor.

Over in Amsterdam, Holland, the Rev. J. G. GEELKERKEN is up for heresy because he announced the serpent never coaxed EVE into eating the apple. It looks like a busy year for CLARENCE DARROW.

Garter flasks for girls have made their appearance, but we predict a short life for this new fad. It's too darn conspicuous.

The New York Public Library has begun a contest to select the Ten Worst Books among our best sellers. Unfortunately, by the time this huge undertaking is finished, it is feared there will not be enough desert islands left to go around.

The suggestion that we dress our Senators in fancy robes should not be dismissed lightly. It would give the *Congressional Record* a wonderful chance to get out a snappy rotogravure section.

"Just a big, good-natured boy," is his mother's description of MARTIN DURKIN, Chicago killer. What this country is suffering from, evidently, is an over-developed sense of humor.

A typical American home will be exhibited in France next spring. It should carry the sign, "We'll be back when you see us."

The Merchants' Association of New York has decided to establish the second Sunday in April as a fixed date for Easter, and we hope they will carry their calendar-regulating a step farther by abolishing the first of every month.

And now the National Security League objects to the Ten Commandments because "Thou Shalt Not Kill" smacks of pacifist propaganda. This definitely marks the end of that period in history which was known as "the Christian era."

We now know why Moses broke the tablets when he descended from Mt. Sinai. He recognized among the mob a few one-hundred-per-cent. Americans.

Sonnet to St. Valentine

KIND Saint, as one who plays a careful part
In lovers' weal, perchance you may recall
How years ago, with ardent youthful heart,
Upon your holy day I ventured all
My hopes, and to the girl adored above
My very life, I wrote, "Dear one, be mine!
I cry your mercy—pity—love—ay, love!
(That's Keats.) Oh, be my own sweet Valentine!"

By chance, perhaps, my missive went astray—
I blamed you, you remember, gentle Saint—
You knew that I had lost her, anyway,
And made no answer to my soulful plaint.
I met the lady just a while ago,
And now confess the gratitude I owe.

Ora E. Stark.

JUDGE: Was it a free-for-all fight?

HOGAN: No, yer Honor, we were all union min, sorr.



"I THINK YOU DID IT BETTER THE FIRST TIME, DEARIE."



® THE WORKING GIRL

ACCORDING TO THE CONFESSIOAL MAGAZINE



NO BEGINNER

Employment Manager: I'M SORRY, MISS CHARLESTON, BUT YOUR EXPERIENCE AS A STENOGRAPHER IS UNSATISFACTORY. "DON'T KID YOURSELF! IT WON FIRST PRIZE IN LAST MONTH'S *True Experience* MAGAZINE."

A Representative Group

YES, the Americans are a busy people, Mortimer.

See that fine group of men right across the street.

See the banker, known in all money marts. See the stalwart medical students, next to him.

Fine chaps, good-looking, those three hustling salesmen!

And there is a handful of snappy brokers. Yes, behind those alert young office boys.

And there is a newspaper man, with the wide-awake camera hound by his side. No, that good-looking six-footer is a surgeon! Big practice; two assistants!

What are they looking at? Really,

I don't know, but it seems to be a girl in a window, demonstrating fountain pens. Yes, let's go over.

James A. Sanaker.

Week-Days and Sundays

WHAT do you wish for breakfast, dear?" she called up sweetly to her husband, the head train announcer.

"YA-A - CaHANT-e-LO-O - OPE, CAHOR-R-N FLEKS and crrr-E-E-EM, TWO WEGGS turnedoverand BAcon-wellDONE wellDO-O-ONE, TO-O-OAST jamand blAAAck COFFE-E-E, and blAAAck COFFE-E—"

For the 364th time that year she turned, with a sad, sweet smile, placed two crullers and a tumbler of milk on the table, and went in to bathe the baby.

Harold S. Stevens.

Historic Working Girls

No. II



Portia, the new District Attorney, padlocks the speak-easies in Venice.

Fairy Tale

ONCE a little boy said to his sister, "You monkey with the new radio now and I'll study my lessons."

• LIFE •

Gold-Digger's Dirge

WORKING girls, working girls, factory and clerking girls,

Nurse girls, diverse girls and lunch-room cashiers,
Hat- and coat-checking girls, show-room bedecking girls,
Lift up your shingles and lend me your ears:

My new roadster done in ochre was a present from a broker,
But the poor sap lost his dough in Titan Steel,
And the checks he gives his baby nowadays—I don't mean maybe—

Ain't enough to buy a girl a decent meal.
That Adonis from Atlanta, who was once my all-year Santa,
Now has quit me cold—oh, death, where is thy sting?
Listen, dearie, would you think it when I say the only trinket
That I got from him this week's my diamond ring!
Good at coaxing, good at cooing, still I find there's little doing;

I'm a Broadway belle, though rated "not so dumb"—
Just a graduate gold-digger, with appearance, pep and figger,
But the industry, alas, is on the bum!

Poor girls, obscure girls, blasé manicure girls,
Stage girls and page girls and feminine cops,
Movie show ushers and sob-sister slushers
And dome-heavy gushers in tea-rooms and "shoppes,"
Yours is a breezy life, quite free-and-easy life;
Mine is a cheesy life, I'm here to tell.
Daddies are stingier, diamonds are dingier—
Gawd, but this business is going to hell!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

A Sleepless Night

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: Good morning, sir; did you sleep well?

GUEST: No, I did not. There was a wrinkle in the lower sheet and I dreamt all night of Hannibal crossing the Alps.



JUST A GIRL THAT MEN FORGET



"OH, KID, WOULDN'T IT BE GR-RAND TO BE IN THE MOVIES?"

"I WAS IN THE MOVIES WUNC!"

"YOU WAS? WHYDJA GET OUT?"

"I WOIKED TOO FAST FOR THE CAMERA!"

Bedtime Story for Poor Working Girls

CINDERELLA had just finished embroidering Grandpa's new pocket flask, when a loud "Honk, honk!" caused her to step out of her character long enough to rush to the front door. Sure enough, her Fairy Goldfather from Wall Street was just stepping from his one hundred-twenty-horsepower Twin Triplet Rolling Stone Roadster.

Hastily shaking the cinders and cigarette ashes from her permanent and giving her nose another coat of dust, Cinderella changed her mind and then went for a spin with his Nobs, promising Grandfather she would return in time to change the poultice for his lumbago.

But Grandfather had a long wait; in fact, day was breaking with a loud bang (for the working girls were going shopward in their limousines) when Cindy came limping up the walk. She looked like something the cat forgot to drag in.

Grandpa adjusted his horn-rims, lighted a cigarette, and gave her the East and West.

"All I got to say," he drawled, "is that people who wear glass slippers should go boat riding."

John P. Maratta.

DOCTOR: Are you bothered with things dancing before your eyes?
TIRED BUSINESS MAN (ardent musical comedy first-nighter): No; in fact, I rather like it.



Working Girl: MOM, YOU'LL HAVE TO SERVE MY BREAKFAST A LITTLE EARLIER IF YOU EXPECT ME TO BE AT THE OFFICE BY 9:30.

A Boy Must Live

IF women keep on working, there is no reason why they should not eventually hold down all the big executive posts the men have to-day. In that case—but go on with the story yourself. The scene is the office of a big firm; the time, working hours, whatever they are, A. D. 2000, and the cast, Joe and Bill, stenographers.

BILL: Where was you last night,

Joe? Gee, look at the clock, willya?

JOE: Party with Mrs. Firkins.

BILL: Yeah? Was it rough?

JOE: Why, kinda rough, but I didn't kick. I like my job.

BILL: It soitinly is an awful note that a guy can't hold his job without having a lot of fat women getting sweet on him, ain't it?

JOE: Oh, you get used to that. I

s'pose you didn't see the new raccoon I wore down this morning, didja?

BILL: Oh, I se-e-e-e! An' your new Dunhill come from the same place?

JOE: Ain't you the bright boy! Take it from me, kid, when Mrs. Firkins or Mrs. McDonald come in this morning, don't act so up-North.

BILL: But gee, they're married! Don't their husbands ever get wise?

JOE: Oh, they should worry! The old stall about working late at the office keeps them contented—and besides, they're so wrapped up in their charity balls and social work that they don't pay no attention to their wife's goings-on.

BILL (*slowly*): Well, I guess I'll give the game a whirl. Gimme a stick of gum, willya?

CURTAIN.

Sam Moore.

Historic Working Girls

No. III



Deilah opens a barber shop.

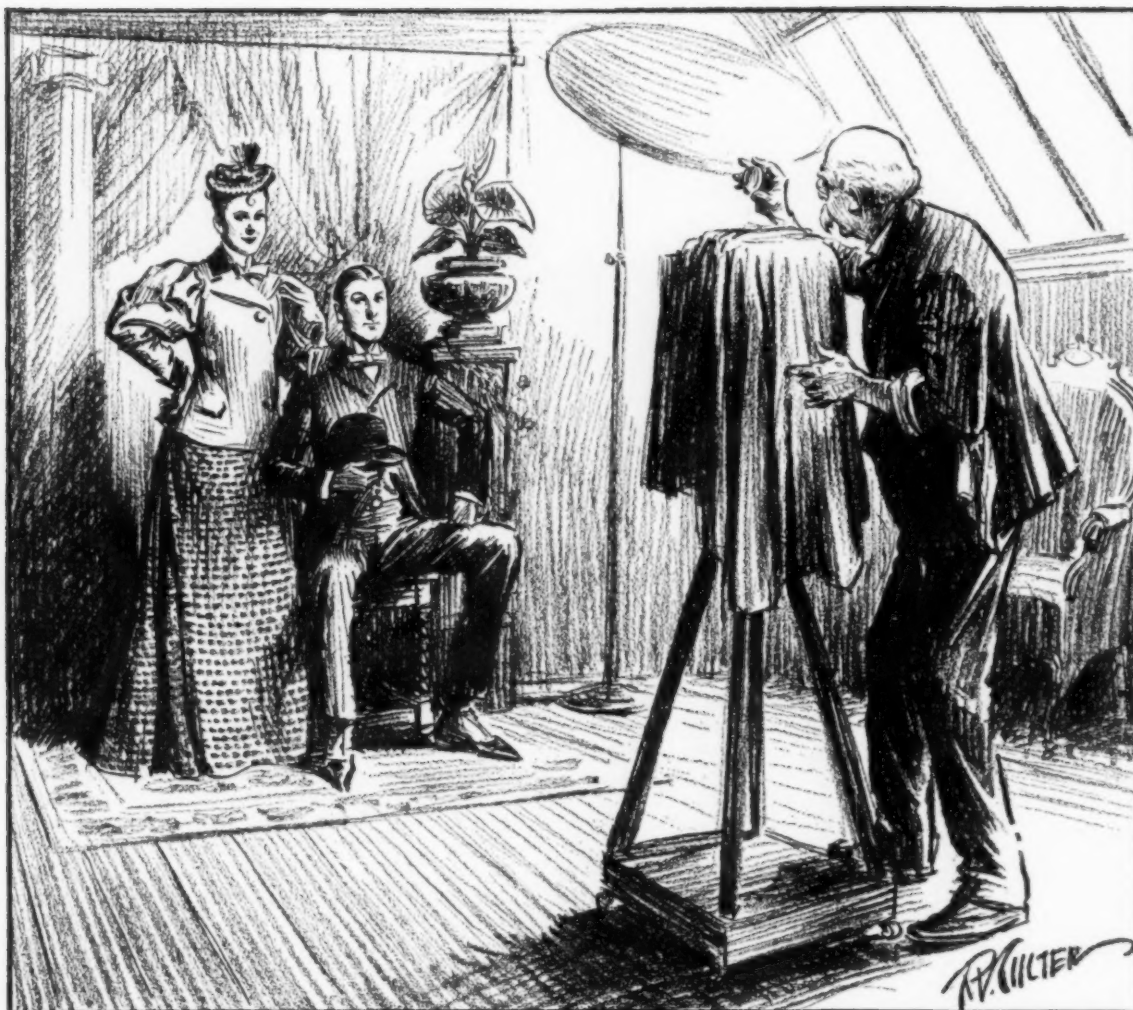
Contagious

CLARA: The back of my neck tickles.

BELLE: Perhaps you've got the bobber's itch.



THE LORD OF CREATION
"WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME"



THE GAY NINETIES

NO HONEYMOON OF THE EARLY NINETIES WAS COMPLETE UNTIL THE HAPPY PAIR HAD BEEN TIN-TYPED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

This Problem of Personnel

NOTHING impairs the efficiency of a working girl as much as a husband who lives beyond her means. Many a first-class cafeteria checker has collapsed under the strain of providing her husband with the same kind of automobile furnished by his former wife, who was, perhaps, a manicurist or a waitress.

Of course, every man is entitled to a decent salary, provided his wife can earn it; but, after some fellows have had a few working girls for wives, they become spoiled. If their incomes do not improve with every few marriages they may drop out. Many good men have been lost to industrial domestic life in this way, men who were on the threshold of amounting to something as husbands of power sewing-machine operatives or usherettes. If industry is to continue its onward march it must find some way of reducing the turnover in working girls' husbands.

Some personnel experts say that the situation improves when the husband works moderately. Some suggest two months out of the year; others believe that the husband of the average department-store sales-person will not function properly if he works more than two weeks in the fifty-two. This does not allow for his vacation, of course.

A minimum-wage law for working girls perhaps is the best way of solving the problem. This may be difficult to draw because of a wide difference of opinion as to how much a husband needs per week. *McCready Huston.*

Time Studies

"IS Sadie still doing her fifteen minutes' reading every day?"

"No, she said she was tired of having to stop right in the middle of a sentence."

St. Valentine's Day

"I'M going to give a St. Valentine's party," said my wife. "You can do such pretty things with the decorations and favors—"

"The very thing," I exclaimed enthusiastically, as I always do when my wife suggests anything. "What can be more appropriate than a dance in honor of St. Vitus—"

"St. Valentine, I said," remarked my wife. "Now please be serious. First there are the invitations—"

"That's easy," I said. "I got a clever one to-day at the office. All we have to do is copy it. 'Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike Brown request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter Yetta—'"

"That's just silly," said my wife rather coldly. "We're not having a wedding."

"Well, how about this one, then?" I said. "'The Bijou Shipbuilding Corporation requests the pleasure of your presence at the launching of—'"

"Never mind the invitations," interrupted my somewhat better half, "I'll attend to them. How about the decorations? I'd like something original, and still suggestive of St. Valentine's Day—"

"Let me think," I said. "Ah! I have it. How about a large pumpkin in the center of the table, with a face cut out?"

"That's wonderful," said my wife sarcastically. "I suppose you'd also have little cherry trees with hatchets fastened to them."

"No," I said reprovingly. "That's for Labor Day. Any child knows that. My idea is to have the room hung with holly and mistletoe, and in front of each place a little clay pipe tied with green ribbon and a sprig of shamrock hanging from it."

"I think I'll give the party on the Fourth of July instead," said my wife, walking out of the room. "Then we can all go ice skating afterwards."

Somehow, whenever I try to be helpful I get in wrong.

Newman Levy.

Girls, Girls!

"I WISH I could—"

"Why don't you, I would."

"But if I didn't, would you?"

"I couldn't—but if I did you wouldn't, unless I did."



Interviewer: HOW DO WOMEN COMPARE WITH MEN IN BUSINESS?
Magnate: THEY SEEM TO BE ABLE TO THINK WITHOUT HAVING THEIR FEET UP ON A DESK.

If Aladdin Came My Way with a Lamp

I'D like to buy a certain hotel and fire all the clerks.

I'd like to get control of a few theatres and let the best seats go to the public, at printed prices.

I'd put up a walled and fortified village where little brothers and sisters of pretty girls could be sent for indefinite keeping.

I'd like a calendar that skipped working days and showed only pay days and holidays.

I'd buy the broadcasting station that prevents me from getting what I want.

I'd own a string of newspapers so I could speak my mind freely.

I'd endow a huge fund for sending ten-dollar bills with each rejection slip.

And I suppose I'd make a perfect ass of myself within twenty-four hours.

James A. Sanaker.

MODERN MOTTO—More chaste less speed.



A DULL LIFE

Mrs. Noise: WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?
Cook: THEY WAS TRYING TO LIVE WITHIN THEIR INCOME.



THE GIRL WHO WENT TO NEW YORK TO WRITE

Biography of a Working Girl

Fanny Doolan

1903—Born. No work. No wages.

1911—Age: 8. Fanny got a fine job feeding a machine in a factory. Lots of other little girls envied Fanny.

Hours.....	Every day:	14
Wages.....	Every week:	\$5.00

1919—Age: 16. Fanny's family moved to New York. Fanny got a job in a big department store. She thought she was in clover.

Hours.....	Every day:	8
Wages.....	Every week:	\$9.00

1921—Age: 18. Fan Doolan pleased a customer, an influential lady, who got her a job as a mannequin.

Hours.....	Every day:	6
Salary.....	Every week:	\$40.00

1923—Age: 20. Frances Dulane (née Doolan) walked on in a fashion number in a big revue. She stayed, working right into the chorus.

Hours.....	Every night:	3
Salary.....	Every week:	\$60.00

1926—Age: 23. Fran Dulane married a big butter-and-egg man. The marriage didn't take. They parted and Fran divorced him.

Hours.....	Day or night:	0
Alimony.....	Every week:	\$250.00

Bertram Bloch.

Sequel

SWEET Annabel Jones was the belle of the town, and had oodles of chances to wed, and the mail she received on St. Valentine's Day was enough to turn any girl's head; for Farmer Perdue sent her violets blue, with a motto in gold, "Ever thine!" and Jenks, the cash grocer, was lavish with fruit, in a basket of arty design; old Henry Jerome of Ye Toggerie Shoppe chose lilies to strengthen his case; Al Smithers, the druggist, sent chocolate hearts in a casket of satin and lace; while Perkins, the plumber, sent orchids galore—he was rich and quite willing to show it. But Annabel married young Horace Van Loon, because he was blond and a poet.

The years have rolled on and each Valentine month brings mail to sweet Annabel's door, but somehow the tokens from all her old beaux don't waken the raptures of yore; for Farmer Perdue sends a memo for milk, and Jenks overcharges for meats; old Henry Jerome sternly duns for a gown, the druggist

for payment entreats; the plumber's account is a staggering sum, and—sorest of Annabel's ills—poor Horace Van Loon can't make money enough to settle their midwinter bills!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Note on Farces

THE spirit of a French farce is a man under a bed; the spirit of an American farce is a man under an automobile, and the spirit of an English farce is a man under the weather.

SIMILE for 1926: As forgetful as an Attorney-General before a Senatorial investigating committee.



"MR. DIPLEY, I THINK I DESERVE A RAISE."

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT, BUT YOU CAN CALL YOURSELF A PRIVATE SECRETARY INSTEAD OF A STENOGRAPHER."



"I HAD A CHANCE OF A GOOD JOB IN FLORIDA, BUT I DIDN'T TAKE IT."

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHY NOT?"

"I HADN'T A THING TO WEAR."

Sure Proof of Greatness

MY neighbor, Sidebottom, is a great man. I used to let on I didn't see him when we were taking the same train for town, but that is all over. I wait for him now when I see him running down his steps.

One morning about two weeks ago, before I discovered Sidebottom's real quality, he caught up with me and tried to get into step. I say tried, because Sidebottom is that kind of fellow. He is not happy unless he is in step. I have made him skip as many as seventeen times in one block. Of course, I don't do that any more.

He said to me, "I think I shall sell my old dinner jacket and get one that's up-to-date."

Naturally, I just laughed cynically. I have said the same thing to my wife three or four times a year for ten years and I still have the same outfit I had when we were married. I said some pretty mean things to Sidebottom.

When I got off the train that evening, Sidebottom came out of the coach

ahead. He had a box under his arm, so, recalling the conversation of the morning, I remarked, "I suppose that's your new Tuxedo?"

And he said, "That's exactly what it is. I thought I might as well buy it right away and sell the old one later."

Well, you can't beat that! "Sidebottom," I said, "you are a wonderful man. How would you like to join our bridge club?"

McCready Huston.

"IS he devoted to public service?"

"No, he's an office-holder."

Historic Working Girls

No. IV



Pharaoh's daughter establishes "The Bulrushes Foundling Home."



FEBRUARY 11, 1926

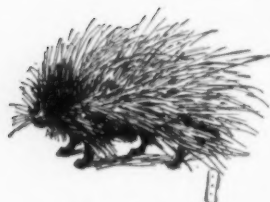
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"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
F. D. CASEY, Art EditorCLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer

pourparlers. Various people have tried to get us hard coal but so far without success. What do we do in case of needing something forbidden?

That is a secret, but people who feel a strong need of hard coal are very likely to apply to the bootleggers. One may infer from reading the papers that those unruly patriots are good hands to get folks what they want in times of strain. Really it is *wine* that some more obstreperous talent was employed in the coal difficulty.

IN some other things there is prospect of increased supply. For example, in war memoirs and materials of history. Colonel House, so advertisements say, is to reveal the real Wilson in the *Sunday Herald Tribune*, and former Secretary Houston is presenting somewhat the same picture from a different angle in the *World's Work*.

These two illustrious gentlemen must have a great deal to communicate about the crowded years of Mr. Wilson's administration. In hands entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword and in such hands the story of the rise, progress and political culmination of Colonel House should make one of the most amazing political narratives ever written. Colonel House worked in New York and in Europe and, as everybody knows, never held office, but merely had power. Dr. Houston was in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet from the be-

ginning to the end and his undeviating supporter—not by any means a me-too supporter, for he is a man of strong opinions and of ample knowledge for them to rest upon, and he doubtless differed with Mr. Wilson's judgment on many matters. But he supported him steadily as President and just as constantly backed him as a man. Of all the surviving thick-and-thin believers in Mr. Wilson, Dr. Houston is pretty well the foremost.

Persons who still speculate on the reasons for Mr. Wilson's final alienation from Colonel House will sit up at the report that Mrs. Wilson won't let her husband's letters to Colonel House appear in House's memoirs.



CARDINAL MERCIER probably improved his circumstances by dying. He was very highly thought of in this world, but his digestion had given out, and probably he was not having a good time. Where he has gone he should find everything cheerful, and if it is any advantage in the next world to be declared a Saint in this world he is likely in due time to get whatever profit there is out of that. Of all the reputations that were made in the war (and vastly more were damaged than improved), Cardinal Mercier's was the purest. One of his dearest wishes was for unity of the Christian churches, but in himself he represented it. If there was anything on earth that all churches and denominations and religionists generally could agree upon it might well have been on Cardinal Mercier, and on the fact that he had the root of the matter in him. He was splendid, that old man; very lovely, fearless, and as

little daunted by Popes as by Germans. The *World*, in its account of him, says:

"He taught that Catholic dogma did not 'constitute an ideal which it was forbidden to attempt to surpass, or a frontier defining the activities and limits of the mind,' and this, in direct opposition to the tenets of the conservative element of the Holy See, occasioned great surprise. He was summoned to Rome, but argued his case so strongly there that Pope Leo decided in his favor and later made him Bishop of Malines."

That is important. It means that he insisted that the lid should not be bolted down on intelligence and spiritual aspiration, but one reads that with the hard-boiled Catholics he had his share of trouble.



THESE are fairly hard times for hard-boiled people. The Senate seems to be going to let us join the World Court. The Volstead law gets it on the point of the jaw every morning. Mussolini is reported to have an ulcer in his stomach, and the farmers, speaking by the voice of Senator Capper, insist, in spite of Mr. Coolidge's protests, on being interested in the tariff. When the Kansas Senator says that the producer of food must accept world prices when he sells and pay American prices when he buys, it looks very much as if he were speaking the truth.

Fast fares towards change the land to grouch a prey

When tariff makers grab and farmers pay.

Ask William Allen White (of Kansas) if that's not so.

Somehow the farmers have got to have a better deal and it is as well that they should have it reasonably soon while there still are some. Perhaps they will get it out of the resurrection of the Democratic Party and the election of a Democratic President. Perhaps they will get it some other way. Perhaps they won't get it at all, but feeling blighted will turn to and send a Democrat to the White House. Mark Sullivan insists that McAdoo and Smith are both out of the race. One hears that Governor Ritchie of Maryland, the eloquent Wet, may be a candidate, though it seems unlikely that Prohibition in its present phase will last as long as the next presidential election.

E. S. Martin.



The Tempter







So Deep!

THIS has been a very tough week on the old mental processes. The art theatres have been at it again. Three dramas, "The Dream Play," "The Great God Brown" and "Goat Song," and not one of them within reach of our limited equipment for ferreting out what a thing is all about. It is pretty discouraging.

We don't feel so upset about not detecting the thread in Strindberg's "The Dream Play." We rather doubt that there is one. As we look back on it, the whole thing is mercifully hazy and all we remember is that several people roamed on and off the stage, murmuring. Once, we remember some one said: "We must have a dance before the plague breaks out," which seemed little enough to ask of life. Then there was an observation: "It's very difficult to be married," which brought down the customary round of applause from cynics in the audience.

But the best criticism of "The Dream Play" was overheard in the lobby between the acts, when some one said, quite seriously: "I thought that I had read this play, but I find that I haven't." It is one of those.



WE might have got along all right at the Theatre Guild's "Goat Song" if we had not discovered a program note indicating that the play had a symbolic meaning. Without the need of detecting symbolism in the proceedings, the spectator might have a very thrilling time. Certainly nothing could be more exciting than the curtain to the first act, when the normal parents of a monster-child, which they have kept confined in their shame since its birth, discover that it has escaped and is at that moment roaming the countryside. Nothing could be more thrilling than the cataclysmic second when the shadow of this Thing is thrown against the sky, creating a perfectly understandable panic among the peasantry which results in a revolution led by Alfred Lunt in his most sinister mood.

Then there is an unforgettable picture of a wild pagan orgy in the despoiled church, contrasted with the following scene of deathlike quiet among the charred ruins of a farm in which the squire and his wife (George Gaul and Blanche Yurka) discover that in their desolation they are at peace for the first time. And the final curtain, at which Lynn Fontanne announces that she is to be the mother of a little monster, is, to say the least, startling.

Thus it will be seen that "Goat Song" has moments of quite remarkable excitement which the spectator might well thrill to, if he were not constantly hampered by having to

wonder: "Does this mean that Man is really half-god and half-beast, or that Europe will never be at peace so long as the Balkans are unsettled?"



THE thing that really worries us, however, is that the entire last half of Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" was an unintelligible jumble to us. We did recognize that here was something containing great beauty in its writing, something with individual scenes of dramatic power and, so far as we have been able to collect data in thirty-six years of sheltered living, great truth. We could wish that we had got even more from it.

But, in the first place, we were oppressed by the feeling that the use of masks to indicate changes and conflicts of character was not the step forward in dramatic art that it is supposed to be. We seem to remember equally subtle changes and conflicts of character having been expressed in the old-fashioned theatre simply by good acting. And, progress or no progress, masks *do* muffle the voice and faintly suggest children at Halloween, a fact which does not make for illusion. And if you have not illusion in the theatre, what have you? Simply William Harrigan with a mask on.

It was when Mr. Harrigan, by having to juggle two masks—his own and Robert Keith's—thereby expressing the slightly bewildering fact that he was both *Billy Brown* and *Dion Anthony* (a fact which was not suspected by *Dion's* wife until *Billy* one time forgot to change into *Dion's* clothes, certainly an inconsistent mixture of mind and matter as a basis for the proceedings), that the thing got quite out of hand as far as we were concerned, and we were just a little bit irked, possibly at our own obtuseness. Leona Hogarth, as *Dion's* wife, was the only one that we understood all the way through to the end, although Anne Shoemaker, as *Cybel* the kept woman, was at times refreshingly clear. If Samuel Shipman, however, had written a scene in which a prostitute teaches the Lord's Prayer to a dying man, we wise boys would be tittering yet.

We should like to read "The Great God Brown." It must be O'Neill's finest reading play. Fifty per cent. of its failure as drama we will mark off against our own faulty perceptions. The other fifty per cent. we insist belongs to that theory of dramatic writing which ignores the fact that, things being as they are, a play *must* be acted on a stage, by human beings, and for human beings who come into the theatre with no equipment save their eyes and ears and minds, such as they are, quite virgin to the author's secret intentions.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morisco*—A real play, about a woman who played safe on the future at the expense of several other things. Chrystal Herne excellent in the lead.

The Dream Play. *Provincetown*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Mysticism that is effective for once. It is pretty Jewish, but any intelligent Congregationalist ought to get a kick out of it.

Easy Virtue. *Empire*—The old one about the undesirable daughter-in-law, made fresh by the dialogue and Jane Cowl.

Embers. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—Pay Bainter in a sermon against War.

Goat Song. *Guild*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Great Gatsby. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

The Great God Brown. *Greenwich Village*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—Lechery in the grand manner, being very careful not to drop the "h's."

Hedda Gabler. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—George Jessel as a Jewish boy who is werry unhappy.

The Jest. *Plymouth*—To be reviewed later.

A Lady's Virtue. *Bijou*—Picture to yourself *Les Sœurs Nash* in heart conflict over Robert Warwick.

The Love City. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

Magda. *Maxine Elliott's*—To be reviewed next week.

The Makropoulos Secret. *Charles Hopkins*—To be reviewed next week.

The Merchant of Venice. *Hampden's*—Ethel Barrymore and Walter Hampden in "The Merchant of Venice," with Ethel Barrymore and Walter Hampden.

The Monkey Talks. *National*—One feature, a man who plays an ape, making a regulation circus play interesting.

Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. *Jolson's*—Acting and singing Russians in excellent repertoire.

Open House. *Criterion*—Helen MacKellar in nothing much.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Martin Beck*—To be reviewed later.

Shelter. *Cherry Lane*—To be reviewed next week.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—Rum-running melodrama.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a cross-section of juvenile sex which should not be missed.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—And that, my dears is how I came to marry your Grandfather.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—Regulation but at times amusing account of sanctimonious grifting.

Arms and the Man. *Garrick*—The second lap of the relay, this team headed by Katharine Alexander and Tom Powers.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—The business of fleecing suckers on Broadway made comical by Gregory Kelly.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Can it be that we were the only one disgusted at this?

Don Q., Jr. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Billmore*—Otto Kruger and Victor Moore in hilarious slapstick.

Is Zat So? *Central*—We haven't seen the new company in this, but it probably is funny.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Simple pleasure.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—A good gentleman-crook play, made brilliant by Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

Naughty Cinderella. *Lyceum*—Just Irene Bordoni.

Not Herbert. *Fifty-Second St.*—To be reviewed next week.

One of the Family. *Klaw*—Grant Mitchell in farcical trouble in Boston.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Pleasant.

Puppy Love. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

A Weak Woman. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—Excellent English revue, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—The Little-Lawrence-Buchanan combination in good form.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—Those Marx boys being very comical.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—Very nice.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Chamlin's*—Beautiful and dumb. Florence Moore and Tom Howard furnish the few laughs.

Hello Lola! *Eltinge*—Thin.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Very peppy.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—Semi-French but entertaining.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Still good.

Princess Flavia. *Shubert*—Big and harmonious.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Russian singing and dancing.

The Student Prince. *Century*—Getting to be a big boy now.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and many others in a big show.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—A hit so far as we are concerned.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Old-fashioned operetta.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney. You ought to laugh at least once.



THE LILIES OF THE FIELD



The Girl Who Sat at the Ritz Without Showing Her Knees

Mrs. Pep's Diary

Historic Working Girls

No. VI

January
18th

Up betimes, and at a paper which I must needs have written before nightfall, but my husband, poor wretch, was in so conversational a mood that I could put my mind on nought save his chatter, nor could I, for all my pains, refrain from laughing at it, an unfortunate circumstance in that it encouraged him to proceed. All of which set me to reflecting that humour makes for the enjoyment of life, but not for the greatest success in it unless one commercializes as a specialist in buffoonery. The first post heavy, and in it a letter from Jeanette Healy, down in Southern Pines, recounting a tale of a man known to us both who, finding it necessary to keep his wife in her house during a certain period of their divorce proceedings, had turned a bull loose on her front lawn; and from what I have seen and heard of him, I can well credit it. Did on my brown balbriggan and my new Russia calf shoes with the perforations, and off to have my eyes tested by an optick specialist, and Lord! he did shift lenses and question me so rapidly that I was at some pains to tell him with which set I saw best, and I do pray the gods who watch over persons of my mental calibre that I did not choose a prescription which will damage my eyesight. Nor would I let him put me in spectacles, neither, being resolved to make out with lorgnettes until the time comes for me to tap through the streets with a stick. Luncheon late at an inn with Sam, and then to church to see Lily



Eve takes dictation from the serpent.

Dunham married at last, and much relieved when they got through the business, for poor Lily, from her talk, must have expected a Jason's army to spring up from the pews when Dr. Ray came to the "or ever after hold his peace" part, and I do believe it was the first time I was ever not a little disappointed that a woman with a child in her arms did not arise in the back of the church. Marge Boothby to dine with us this evening, and we did fall a-talking of Ida Wicks, who bends backward to achieve accuracy. If she wanted "Who?" from "Sunny" on the gramophone, quoth Sam, I am sure she would ask you to put on "Whom?"

January
19th

A great consignment of books from the publishers this morning did cause me to marvel at the sort of stuff which manages to get printed, and the fact that it takes all kinds to make up a reading public is the only explanation

I can find therefor. But I have never held with the commercial fear of putting forward something which might be over the public's head, because of a confidence in the public's rising to whatever is worthy of it. Moreover, just as a man gladly credits that which he wishes to believe, so does he enjoy the pretence of understanding that which he does not comprehend, nor would it have taken Julius Cæsar and Oliver Goldsmith to tell me so, neither. Mark, for instance, how an audience at a play wags knowingly at any French which is spoken on the stage, and with the wrong reaction in eight cases out of ten. Out to the shops to buy a glove stretcher, forasmuch as Sam has taken it into his head that I shall wear nought but washable white suedes, and after they are cleansed I can grasp, as I try to work my way into the fingers, some of the problems which were faced by the engineers who dug the Panama Canal. To the Brevoort for luncheon with Evalyn and Genie, eating, like a fool, eggs Sardou swathed in Hollandaise sauce, and then to buy a chair which somebody had told me was already upholstered in my bedroom chintz, and so finally for tea at Anne Spicer's, and the man who opened the door so personable that I was for greeting him informally at first and was obliged to ask Anne if he were a butler or a boy friend. Home betimes to Sam, ridding myself of my new pumps, which are too tight across the vamp, with the greatest relief, for what, I do ask with a certain Indianapolis chiropodist, is the good of money, love or anything else in life as long as one's feet hurt?

Baird Leonard.

Historic Working Girls

No. V



Lucrezia Borgia starts "Ye Olde Tea Shoppe."



"YOU KNOW WHAT A BOYCOTT IS, JOHN. IF TIRES KEEP GOING UP, I'LL SIMPLY WALK—AT LEAST, MORE THAN I DO."
 "WELL, IT WOULDN'T HURT YOU ANY, SAM, BUT LET'S SEE—YOUR HEELS ARE RUBBER TOO, AREN'T THEY?"

Cynic's Guide to Europe

PARIS—A city formerly inhabited by Frenchmen. Now settled chiefly by the people you crossed the street to avoid meeting at home.

London—Charming if you like tea and fog plentifully mixed. There is another disadvantage: you can understand what the people are saying about you.

Deauville—A great many very beautiful women—that you can't get an introduction to.

The Riviera—As costly as a first night at the Follies, and not nearly so entertaining.

The Hague—It is claimed that once in 1788 it didn't rain here. The claim is disputed.

The Alps—Some wonderful views if you can ever see past the tourists, the postcard vendors and the high prices charged by the hotels.

Florence—The pictures are all right if you can drink the coffee.

Naples—It is expected that Vesuvius

will some day cover this city, so why trouble to clean the city now?

Greece—Marvelous ruins—but you can't eat ruins. *Bertram Bloch.*

The Subtle Sex

THE Browne tots were having their playtime in the nursery.

"Let's play Radio Station," said Ted.

"All right," agreed Mary Jane, "I'll be the Story Teller."

"No, sir, I'll be the Story Teller. You can be Announcer."

The girl considered the matter gravely.

"Very well," she said. "Here we go... This is Station T and M-J Browne, ladies and gentlemen, and this concludes our program for the evening. ... Good night all." *J. A. S.*

CARRY: Who's your new-rich neighbor?

BARRY: Oh, he's a used Prohibition officer.

Post Mortem

TWO minutes of silent prayer are offered for the following resolutions which ignominiously died of low blood pressure some time in January:

- To exercise every morning.
- To walk to the office.
- To read at every opportunity.
- To drink water between meals.
- To exercise every night.
- To walk home.
- To read fifteen minutes a day.
- To drink water with my meals.
- To exercise.
- To walk.
- To read.
- To drink water.

Martha L. Wilchinski.

To the Governors

WE cannot let this issue of LIFE slip by without mention of the two most prominent Working Girls in America. Gentlemen—we give you Their Honors, Ma Ferguson and Nellie Ross.



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NEW NINETY DEGREE

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



the SILENT DRAMA



"Hands Up"

AT this particular moment in the history of the Silent Drama, Raymond Griffith leads all the comedians in point of ingenuity, imaginativeness and originality. Since he became a star he has appeared in three consecutive pictures—"Paths to Paradise," "A Regular Fellow" and "Hands Up"—which are definitely in the sure-fire class. They have all been funny, and they have all been progressive. Griffith seems to have faith in the idea that the best gags are those that have not as yet been used, and he is on a continual voyage of discovery into new fields of humor.

"Hands Up" is a Civil War story, in which Griffith appears as a Confederate spy. The most notable and most daring feature of the entertainment is the presence of two heroines, who share every love scene with the hero, and in the end—but it would be a low trick to spoil this refreshing laugh by attempting to explain it in cold, uninteresting type.

Raymond Griffith deserves enthusiastic encouragement. He is flying in the face of movie tradition and getting away with it beautifully.

"Just Suppose"

ONE of the aforementioned Raymond Griffith pictures, "A Regular Fellow," considered the trials and embarrassments of an all-too popular prince in a mythical kingdom; it was gorgeous nonsense, with occasional satirical side-swipes at that engaging young gentleman whose weary duty it is to sell the British Empire to the world.

In view of this picture, "Just Suppose" appears rather thin skimmed milk. It too is about a prince, who is compelled to do his duty by opening orphan asylums, receiving delegations and courting a homely but eligible princess. It is mildly amusing, mildly sentimental and generally pleasing to the eye, but it lacks the genuine wallop of the Griffith comedy.

Richard Barthelmess, as the Prince, and Geoffrey Kerr, as his aide-de-camp, are both entirely satisfactory. Mr. Barthelmess indulging in some comic pantomime which is a revelation to those crabbed critics who have occasionally referred to him as humorless. Mr. Kerr's performance, of course, is not surprising, he being a prominent contributor to LIFE.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

California Straight Ahead. Reginald Denny in a moderately entertaining farce comedy with a distinctly automotive flavor.

That Royle Girl. The story of a Chicago Cinderella, directed by D. W. Griffith, directed by D. W. Griffith (I could keep this up indefinitely).

Mannequin. James Cruze and Dolores Costello emerge with credit from this production, but Fannie Hurst, the author, looks unusually foolish.

Mike. A rehash of all the Mickey Neilan Irish gags.

Womanhandled. Richard Dix as a young New Yorker who goes out West to see the cowboys and then can't find any.

Infatuation. Just about the dullest picture of the season, in spite of the

fact that Corinne Griffith is there to look at.

A Kiss for Cinderella. Barrie, Brenon and Bronson again, with the reliable Tom Moore on the side.

Ben-Hur. More scenery than you will see in a tour around the world, with a chariot race, the New Testament and Ramón Novarro thrown in.

The Sea Beast. John Barrymore in a lengthy story of the old whaling days which is not nearly so interesting as "Down to the Sea in Ships."

Bluebeard's Seven Wives. Expert kidding of the world's second most kiddable institution.

His Secretary. Heartaches in a business office, involving Lew Cody and Norma Shearer.

Time, the Comedian. The story of a woman who made one false step, and wasn't allowed to forget it.

A Woman of the World. Pola Negri in a hick town, delightfully directed by Mal St. Clair.

The Road to Yesterday. An assortment of thrills, sensations and flash-backs from Cecil B. De Mille.

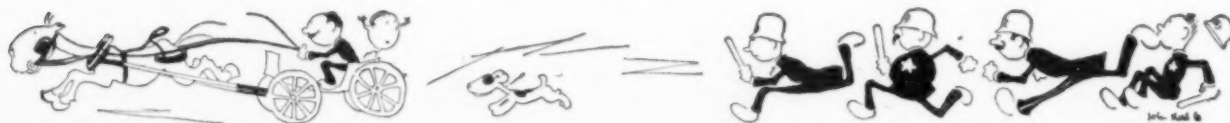
Lady Windermere's Fan. Oscar Wilde's play treated, as only Ernst Lubitsch could treat it, by Ernst Lubitsch.

The Vanishing American. A dignified, impressive and occasionally ham drama of the decline and fall of the American Indian.

The Big Parade. John Gilbert and Renée Adoree interpret the war in terms of common humanity.

Stella Dallas. You'll be surprised at the fluency of your lachrymal glands.

The Merry Widow. Erich von Stroheim comes through with the most sensuously rhythmical picture on record.



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Had it been possible to produce cars in sufficient numbers, their increase over 1924 would have been even more substantial.

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No Such Animal

On a shelf in the home of a local nature lover is a stuffed owl. Beside the owl, a few days ago, one of the children placed a small toy cow.

A visitor at the home looked at the two for some time, and then he said to the man of the house:

"I believe the owl, all right, but that little cow is a doggone lie."

—Youngstown Telegram.

Most Important

SMALL BOY (returning from oculist's, showing his first spectacles to admiring little sister): You know, I've not got to wear them always—only for close work.

SISTER: What do you call close work?

SMALL BOY: Oh—well—eating, and so on.—Punch.

BOBBY (to groom who is ready for the ceremony): Poor Sis is in there crying her eyes out. Have a heart and let her off.—Boston Transcript.



If it is the Charleston, he who dances must pay the cobbler.—Detroit News.

Warf! Warf!

There are a few rebels in the movies, most of them occupying inconsequential positions, so the source of the following screen tale is, obviously, one of the lower five and not of the upper ten.

Rin-Tin-Tin, one of the intelligent canine heroes of film dramas, was standing about the studio, waiting his director's needs; and in attendance upon the stellar dog, so the story goes, was a crowd of lesser lights of the species.

"What is that pack of dogs doing here?" inquired a visitor.

"Oh, they're Rin-Tin-Tin's 'yes-men,' " quoth one of the lower five.

—New Yorker.

Victory

PETT RIDGE tells a delightful yarn about a football match between teams of Roman Catholic and Protestant boys. The Protestants won, to the huge delight of their diminutive captain, who said to his team: "Chaps, there'll be sore 'earts in the Vatican to-night!"

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

"I HEAR YOU OWN A motor car now."

"Well, in partnership with the motor car company."—Toronto Telegram.

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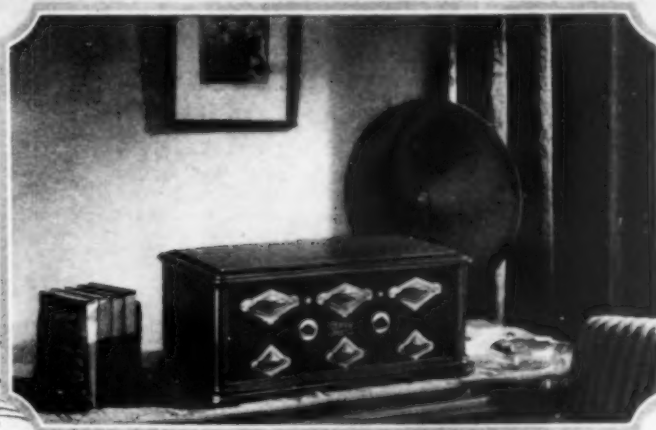
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(143)



To the Girls ~ Workers All

YOU girls are workers—all of you, from Rosie behind the counter of Main Street's Great Emporium or Annie taking dictation in Wall Street to Tottie Brightlite who works Jack Nuriche for the good things of life.

Even when little Gloria Staholm slips an arm around Daddy's neck and playfully pulls his ear, *she's* working—Dad. And why not? How else to gain those things that make life pleasant?

One of the easiest jobs, girls, is to persuade Dad to buy a Synchronphase.

Get the dealer to demonstrate the exclusive Grebe features and Dad will want a Synchronphase as badly as you do.

Ask about the "Colortone," which gives you control over the quality of sound no matter what the loud speaker may be like; about the *Low-Wave Extension Circuits* which tune-in over 100 stations other sets cannot reach; about the *Binocular Coils* that bring in the station you want and shut out the others.

Ask about all of these Grebe developments, then compare Grebe reception with that of other receivers.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th St., New York
Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

This company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ



Grebe
Binocular Coils
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
and
Low-Wave
Extension Circuits



Grebe
"Colortone"

The GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



It is written:
"When the sweat has dried, the labor's forgotten."

The best relaxation from a hard day's work is listening to the soft tones of the Synchronphase.

Enter 24



All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.

FADA Radio

**Good as the best
Better than most
and guaranteed!**

FADA RADIO is true-toned, human-voiced and clear.

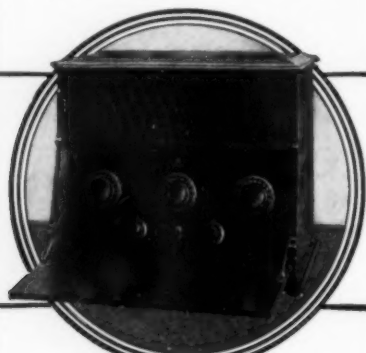
It doesn't stutter, it can't cough, it never speaks through its nose!

It slides in and out of stations, near or far, as smoothly and as easily as a boy slides down a greased plank.

Prove this by actual trial in your home free from obligation to buy—operate it yourself. Ask the dealer.

And remember, what you hear during the demonstration is what you'll hear as long as you own FADA RADIO, for it's your dealer's business to service your set just as your motor-car is serviced. And he'll do it, too!

Trot out that impulse and obey it! Today, for instance.



The FADA NEUTROLA \$175

Hear this one by way of example—it's typical of FADA RADIO value. 5-tube tuned radio frequency—plus the Neutrodyne improvements—cabinet work in mahogany—self-contained loud speaker. A set you can rely on for a lifetime.

Send for this booklet

It's interesting. It's instructive. It's illustrated. And it makes good reading about good radio. It will give you some idea of what you ought to get out of the air. Yours for the asking.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.

1581 Jerome Avenue, New York, Dept. W
Please send free illustrated book, "FADA RADIO—the Standard of Reception".

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Immovable East

The head of an Oriental town, a Mohammedan, being asked by the government to reply to certain questions relating to his city, sent in the following paper:

Question—What is the death rate per thousand in your city?

Answer—In my city it is the will of Allah that all must die; some die old, some young.

Question—What is the annual number of births?

Answer—We don't know; only God can say.

Question—Are the supplies of drinking water sufficient and of good quality?

Answer—From the remotest period no one has ever died of thirst.

Question—What is the general hygienic condition of your city?

Answer—Since Allah sent us Mohammed, his prophet, to purge the world with fire and sword, there has been great improvement. And now, my lamb of the West, cease your questioning, which can do no good either to you or any one else.

—The Lancet (London).

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Reprinted in the Proper Season

Between coal and oil as fuel there is keen competition, according to the heating experts, and the consumer is said to be benefiting therefrom. There is another sort of fuel competition in New York, and that is not so rosy. "Well, I won the prize again this month," the janitor tells his cronies. What prize? Why, his landlord owns four apartment houses, and there is a janitor in each, and every month there is a prize for the janitor who uses the least coal.

—New York Times.

Semi-Detached

OBSEQUIOUS SHOPMAN (to very massive customer): May we have the pleasure of sending these articles, madam?

CUSTOMER: Yes, do—I live in the Cromwell Road.

SHOPMAN: Yes, madam, and—er—any particular number, madam?—Ere.

Volumes Upon Volumes

"What fool things that man has written in his day!"

"What is he—a journalist?"

"No—a stenographer in the Senate."

—Le Pèlé-Mêlé (Paris).

"Why have you a black band around your arm? Who died?"

"Nobody. I burned a little hole there with my cigar."—Karikaturen (Oslo).

"Sioux Brave at a Revue," says a heading. This tribe, of course, has the reputation of being able to suffer pain in stoical silence.—Punch.

**Unhealthy gums denoted
by tenderness and bleeding**



**Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS**

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of
B. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Better than a
Windshield
Wiper—Clear
Vision Through
the Entire
Windshield.



It's Dangerous
and
Nerve-Racking
to Drive
"Blindfolded"
Like This.

STANDARD SALES CO., Dept. L-1, Memphis, Tenn.
Manufacturers and Distributors Automotive Products

NO-BLUR
FOR WINDSHIELDS

Apply Twice a Year

You can now have real and permanent relief from the danger and uncertainty of driving "Blindfolded" behind a rain-blurred windshield every time it rains. Simply apply NO-BLUR on your windshield every six months and you are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield. NO-BLUR is a clear liquid compound. You can't even see it on your windshield after it is applied and you wouldn't know it was there but for its marvelous action each time it rains. No oil or grease to collect dust. One application lasts six months—will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the entire windshield instead of a scant semi-circle. NO-BLUR comes complete with cloths for applying. Each can contains enough for several semi-annual applications. Price \$1 at accessory dealers or sent postpaid direct. The best dollar you ever spent. Results guaranteed.

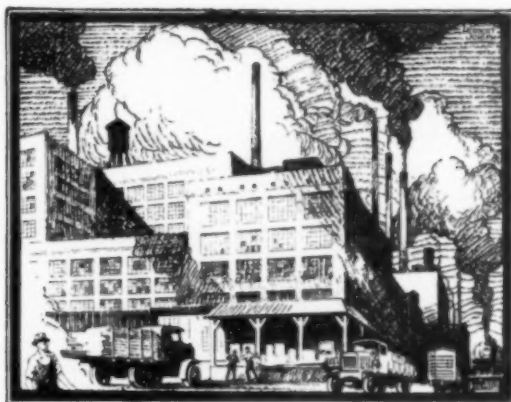
CLEAR A HEAD COLD

quickly, using freely in the
nostrils, healing, antiseptic

Mentholum

Write for free sample

Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.



How one of the Lumber Companies got to know so much about the Factory Owner and his Lumber Problems

THREE or four years ago, a district lumber salesman happened to see a crate being made in the shipping room of one of his customers.

What he saw hurt his sense of lumber values.

Too many boards, too much weight. Not enough strength, nor enough protection for the merchandise.

It set him to thinking—and from that thought has grown the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service that is one of the era marks in the use of lumber in American industry.

Up to that time, no lumber concern had ever had much more than a general idea as to *how* lumber was selected and used in the thousands of specialized industrial uses.

The natural assumption was that the Factory Owner or his Purchasing Agent bought the right kind of lumber for the job they had in mind, and used it to best advantage.

THIS may sound like indifference on the part of the lumberman.

What it really means is that a lumber concern like Weyerhaeuser has a husky job of its own. A job that had absorbed all its energy heretofore.

It requires great timber resources and lum-

ber manufacturing plants to feed into American industry the lumber it requires.

But from this point out Weyerhaeuser set itself to study *lumber users* and *lumber uses*.

This led them deep into many a specialized problem that the Factory Purchasing Agent and his employer had been struggling with patiently—but could not solve completely without the knowledge that only an expert lumberman could give them.

IT IS the function of the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service to contribute this expert lumber knowledge to the industrial men of this country.

It is always a *specialist* contribution. A definite solution for the personal problems and needs of the *individual lumber user*.

Weyerhaeuser experts go almost everywhere. Not to sell a man something so much as to tell him what he wants to know about lumber in relation to his individual use of lumber.

There never was such a lumber service conceived and carried through before.

A *specialist* service.

With material resources almost without limit.

With human vision and intelligence focused on the lumber needs of American industry today.

It is the *new deal*.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA



Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.



VALENTINE'S DAY
Sunday, Feb. 14
♥
"Say it with Flowers"



Obey That Impulse: Beg Pardon, LIFE

Rhymed Reviews The *Clio*

By L. H. Myers.

Chas. Scribner's Sons.

ABOARD the *Clio*, white as foam,
The yacht of Lady M. Oswestry,
Were none who brought their morals
home
From church—they checked them in
the vestry.

Engaging, ruthless, keen, refined—
They well might seem to rank out-
siders
A not precisely human kind
Of cultivated super-spiders.

The highborn men were nothing much,
The girls were not the kind you'd
marry,
And one young wastrel beat the Dutch!
The owner's oldest son, Lord Harry.

He steered them up the Amazon;
To put a scheme in execution
He ran the ship aground upon
A neatly plotted revolution.

And there they stuck through torrid
days
With snakes and mammoth frogs for
bunkies
Among the jungly waterways,
The stinging bugs and howling
monkeys.

At last they got away to sea
To treat their bites with strong am-
monia,
While Harry went ashore to be
The autocrat of Amazonia.

The *Clio* nearly struck a mine;
With deep regret I wrote that
"nearly,"
For if she had, I dare opine,
The world would not have grieved
severely.

There wasn't either belle or beau
On board whom I had any use for.
The author plainly meant to show
A breed that there is no excuse for.
Arthur Guiterman.

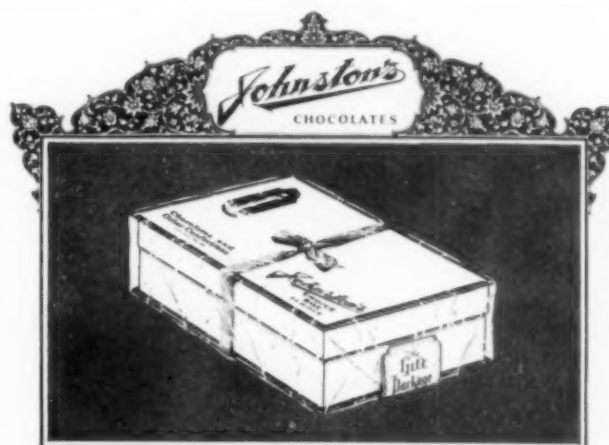
Among the New Books

The Funny Side Out. By Nellie Revell (*Doran*). A collection of after, during and before dinner stories, with apologies to whoever, if anybody, told them first.

Unravelling Knots. By the Baroness Orczy (*Doran*). A collection of mystery yarns told through the medium of a weird eccentric with baggy trousers and horn-rimmed spectacles. Just the thing when you can't sleep at night.

Kathie's Diary. Edited by Margaret W. Eggleston (*Doran*). An authentic document beginning in 1876 and unfolding the story of one girl's life. Almost everybody likes to read diaries.

The American's London. By Thomas Hunt Martin (*Edwin V. Mitchell*). If you should ever travel!



The Distinction of a Gift of Johnston's Chocolates

*You will find a special
agency for Johnston's
Chocolates in one of
the better class stores
in your neighbourhood.*

THE sophisticated giver
well knows the value of
Johnston's for paying social
"debts,"—for Johnston's is
always correct.

The secret of its good-ness
is one of a generation's
standing. Today... because
of it, Johnston's has won a
pinnacle place among the
fine things that have become
part of our daily lives.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY
NEW YORK . CHICAGO . MILWAUKEE . MINNEAPOLIS . SAN FRANCISCO

Black Harvest. By I. A. R. Wylie (*Doran*). Another of those presentations of the world in chaos intended as a crack at militarism, with the customary prophet as protagonist.

The Dolomites. By Gabriel Faure (*The Medici Society*). Everything the motorist, climber, tourist or young girl should know about the beautiful region which has become, under Italian rule, popular as a holiday resort. With magnificent illustrations.

Unchanging Quest. By Philip Gibbs (*Doran*). More searching for universal brotherhood and peace, which is my idea of nothing to write a novel about.

Let's Go to Florida. By Ralph Henry Barbour (*Dodd, Mead*). There is a rumor that will not down to the effect that it's thirty-something a day, without meals, at the new hotel opening this month at Palm Beach.

White Fire. By Louis Joseph Vance (*Dutton*). Both sides of the footlights, with a Broadway star and a prominent society woman fighting for the same man.

High Explosive. By Gordon Phillips (*Dodd, Mead*). One of those rollicking romances in which an innocent bystander swallows a new chemical which will result in a terrific explosion almost any time, thereby making those in the know extremely nervous for three hundred pages. A nice one, too, on the gentle reader, who is left in the dark as to whether the victim explodes or not.

Jericho Sands. By Mary Borden (*Knopf*). The destructive influences

of their unbridled passions on the lives of three young members of the landed aristocracy, with a charming English countryside background. To be reviewed later.

Mr. Fortune's Trials. By H. C. Bailey (*Dutton*). Scotland Yard stuff.
B. L.

PORTO RICO Cruises

11 DAYS
\$150
ALL EXPENSES
AND UP

To the
Island of Enchantment

NEW STEAMSHIP COAMO
NOW IN SERVICE

BIG, comfortable steamers your hotel for this wonderful cruise. Option of staying at beautiful Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel while in San Juan. Wide range of accommodations. Picturesque motor sight-seeing trips included in rate. Sailings every Thursday.

Cruise Department

PORTO RICO LINE

25 Broadway, New York City

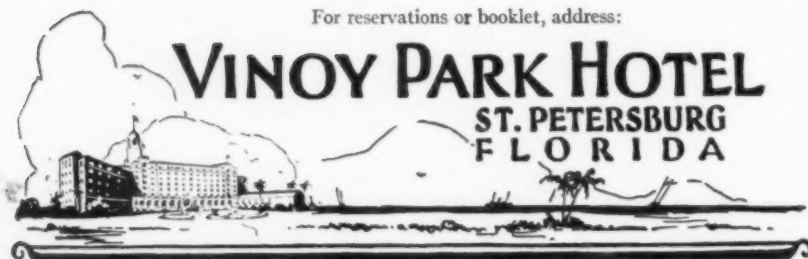


ENTERTAINMENT for every hour and every mood is provided at the Vinoy Park Hotel, the magnificent new hotel on beautiful Tampa Bay. Days are happy with play in a semi-tropical out-of-doors; evenings sparkle with gaiety. . . . The Vinoy Park Hotel accommodates five hundred guests with every comfort and convenience. Exquisite appointments, excellent cuisine, "Service with a Smile." Paul White-man's Vinoy Park Hotel Orchestra.

Management: FRANK H. ABBOTT & SON

Direction of KARL P. ABBOTT

For reservations or booklet, address:



"The Old Razor was O.K. after all"

Just needed Barbasol to produce a quick, clean, cool and silky shave. No brush. No rub-in. The modern way. Try it—three times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

Privilege

SINCE I have suffered I may sing
The songs that were too brave for me
Before pain's ruthless bludgeoning
Had heartened my frail minstrelsy.

Since I have suffered I may pray
The prayers I dared not in the past:
That strife be keen, defeat be gay,
That there be love too fine to last.

R. L. J.

Beauty Hint

LUCILLE, the homeliest girl in the office, had decided that suicide was the best way out of it. No handsome men courting her; no good times such as the other girls were having; surely, an ugly duckling is a thing accursed.

Her employer entered the office just as she raised the pistol to her head. Startled, she dropped the gun. It went off as it struck the floor and the bullet grazed the boss's ankle.

Now the office has no homeliest girl. Lucille started for Hollywood yesterday, and the first movie director that snickers when he sees Lucille's face will find a newspaper thrust under his nose.

There, in bold type on Page One, he will read the truth:

BEAUTIFUL STENO SHOOTS
EMPLOYER G. C.

The Value of Experience

A Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who was imbued with the ambition to become a great novelist. One day he said to his father:

"Dad, I wish to become a great writer, the author of books which will entertain the world. What shall I write about?"

"Son, you should write about adventure," replied the loving father.

The parent, who wished for his son a great success and a place in the Hall of Fame, gave his entire time to the education of the offspring. The boy was taken all over the world to get first-hand information regarding every sort of land and every kind of people. He was shown everything that had to do with adventure. He was taken to Iceland and to the South Sea Islands so that he would know every clime and every country. He was taken across plains and deserts and ranges of mountains. He was taught, from actual experience, about typhoons and hurricanes and cyclones. His education was lacking in nothing that would form a groundwork for wonderful stories of the adventures of men under the most trying circumstances.

And so it came to pass that the son repaid his father for all that had been done for him out of the proceeds of the sale of his first book, the title of which was, "Her Passionate Hour."

T. F.

HE: So they sold their country home?

SHE: Oh, yes! All their friends had been to visit them!

You Need this Tonic

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

It tends to promote good health, strengthen the digestive organs and to keep the stomach in good condition. At All Druggists.

THE HOSTETTER CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

To build you up

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Avoid Imitations

Safe Milk and Food


For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk


WHITING-ADAMS
TWINS

Identical in
those Qualities
which make
Brushes Good

Whiting's
Celebrated
Brushes



Adams
Superior
Brushes



Each parallels the goodness of the other. Alike in length and strength, in suppleness and permanence of bristles—alike in all save name—these fine brushes have led all others for upwards of one hundred years. Buy by either name—or both combined. You are certain of equal—and unequal—brush service and satisfaction.

WHITING-ADAMS
BOSTON

Brush Manufacturers for 117 years and the largest in the World

YOUNG FELLOW: Well, did you marry a cook?

NEWLYWED: No, only a can-opener.



"20lbs. Gone Since I took Marmola"

Countless women, for 18 years, have been keeping slender in this easy, pleasant way. No dieting, no exercise required.

You see the results in every circle now. Slender figures are the usual. Excess fat has no excuse. It is not one-tenth so common as it was.

The great reason is Marmola Prescription Tablets, the modern, scientific method. Millions have seen its effects. Now people are using 100,000 of these famous tablets daily.

No one can doubt their results. People everywhere will certify them to you. Let us tell you how and why they come. You will see at once that Marmola factors must compel reduction, and with great benefits to you. Find out the facts so many know, in fairness to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-234 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for
25c Sample
Free

202

Get Your Man!

A Tale of the Northwestern Mounted

BOOK I—THE MISSION

"TROOPER MAHONEY—" the grim voice of old Sergeant Ryan took on an even grimmer note—"yez have yer aarders?"

"Aye-aye, sir," replied Mahoney, pulling at an imaginary forelock.

"Yez have yer instructions?"

From inside his scarlet tunic, Mahoney whipped out a small packet. "Atcha, sahib," he replied.

"Yez know the stainless traditions of this great service. Trooper Mahoney, get your man! Dismissed!"

With the palm outward, Mahoney brought his hand to his hat in a smart salute. As he did so, the grim cloud over Sergeant Ryan's face lifted. "Buck, me bhoy," he muttered, almost tenderly, "good luck and God bless ye!" Strong right hand clasped strong right hand. Steel-gray eyes looked into steel-gray eyes.

"Thank you, sergeant," said Mahoney simply. Smartly he performed an about-face to the left and tramped stiffly from the room.

Mahoney had not been attending the best moving picture shows all this time for nothing.

* * *

"Buck" Mahoney, in heavy marching order, stood on the brow of a small hill. Strapped to his back were his skis, his portable stove, his wireless outfit, his pick and shovel, his racing skates, his pup tent, his field glasses, his folding canoe and a few good books. His horse was similarly equipped.

Mahoney scanned the horizon. Almost lost in the distant haze, a dim black speck moved swiftly. His eyes narrowed and he tightened his belt in an unconscious answer to the challenge.

That dim speck on the horizon was Mahoney's man.

BOOK II—FULFILMENT

White...white...white...would it never end? It was four or five years since "Buck" had started on his detail. Already he had tracked the man twice over the Arctic Circle. Wolves had eaten his horse. Gone were the skis, the stove, the canoe and the wireless. He was reduced now to his automatic, a box of bouillon cubes and a pair of snowshoes badly in need of restringing. Now he was crawling over the rough ice on his hands and knees, automatic held in fast freezing teeth. But to his benumbed brain, it seemed that the black speck had stopped moving. The last grim hour of reckoning was at hand.

Slowly and stumbly he approached. The black speck grew larger and larger. It resolved itself into the gaunt, exhausted figure of a man. Mahoney removed the automatic from his teeth

(Continued on page 36)



Foot-Joy

THE SHOE THAT'S DIFFERENT

IT'S a fact—only 5 people out of a hundred have normal feet. The tired look of the five o'clock crowd testifies to this.

And yet there is absolutely no reason why men and women who are on their feet more or less all day should realize they have feet at 5 o'clock at night. Foot-Joy is the answer—more than a shoe, a service to humanity—a shoe resulting from 40 years of successful shoe-making.

Ask us to send you the Foot-Joy book—a valuable aid to those who would keep their feet in good condition.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

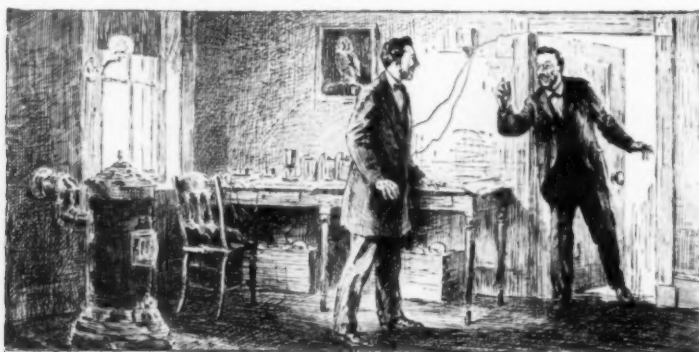
Also makers of
THE BURT & PACKARD "Correct Shape"

And *Anatomif* Shoes for Men

WORLD-FAMOUS FOR CORRECTING FOOT DEFECTS

Please send me booklet offered by you

Name
Address



From One Sentence To Millions

ON MARCH 10, 1876, a single sentence was heard over the telephone. Now, after half a century, 50,000,000 conversations are heard each day.

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you," spoken by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, was the first sentence.

His first crude instruments had been tested by sounds and single words; the patent had been granted; the principle was established from which a world of telephones has since resulted. But at that time the telephone had not proved its practical usefulness—its power to command.

Bell's words, electrically transmitted over a wire, brought his assistant from another part of the building. And with his coming, the telephone became a dynamic factor in human affairs.

Since that first call untold millions of sentences have been heard over the telephone. Men have traveled vast distances in answer to its calls. The wheels of great industrial enterprises have turned at its commands. Everything that man can say to man has been carried to a distance over its wires and the thoughts and actions of nations have been influenced through its use.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Get Your Man!

(Continued from page 35)

and covered the gaunt figure with something akin to reverence. But "Red" Rafferty had made his last evasion of the law. Resignedly, he spoke.

"All right, Mahoney; you win. I give up."

Wearily, "Buck" cleared his throat. With cracked fingers he removed the small packet from his stained tunic.

"Red," he said, "as you probably know, the Police Games are being held

on April 16 to 21. Now I have here some tickets for the good cause at one dollar apiece. How many are you going to take?"

With a crack like a pistol, a limb broke from a neighboring tree. Then all was still.

"Buck" Mahoney had got his man.
H. W. H.

"FLEXIBLE glass" is said to have been invented in Austria, but we suspect this has long been in use among bootleggers purveying "full quart" bottles.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Belles-Lettres

(Beautiful Letters)

THE art of beautiful letter writing is one not hard to acquire but one, alas, only too seldom seen in these days of "advertisements" and "circulars." And yet how delightful, how pleasant a sport it is, far nobler and more suited to the *jeunesse dorée* (golden youth) than such vulgar pastimes as "shuttlecock" or "lawn tennis."

Lettres d'amour (letters of love)—ah, Cupid, cruel imp, what pranks thou playest on mortal men! See the young gallant, eyes rolling in "fine frenzy," hair laid down with ointment, composing a *billet-doux* (sweet note) to the fair tyrant of his choice. What a picture of true manly grace as, seated at his portfolio in the correct upright position, he confides to paper—

Love's Declaration

MY DEAR MISS PUTTERDONK:

Since first I met you, that never-to-be-forgotten day at the croquet field, the memories of your grace, virtue, and female modesty have lain deep within me. In truth, I confess it boldly, dear lady, I much esteem you and would count it a most happy privilege if I might, with the consent of your parent, call upon you on alternate Wednesdays from seven in evening until nine.

Believe me, I await your reply with the utmost concern, and am,

Most respectfully,

Your humble and obedient servant,
OBIDIAH M. JENKS.

Should the young neophyte feel the wording of this epistle to be perhaps just a little too *risqué* (risky), it may be "toned down" by the omission of some of the more ardent expressions. But it may be just as well to "chance it"; after all, a little boldness is not entirely displeasing to the fairer sex.

This concludes our first lesson in the art of tender correspondence. Even at the risk of seeming too "advanced" and "up to the times" we sincerely advise our readers to "try their hand" at this new sport. The element of danger alone is enough to make good red blood tingle. To arms, young men, take up your trusty quills and who shall cry, "Romance" is dead."

William W. Scott.

A Baffling Raffle

RASTUS and his wife, driving to town in their decrepit flivver, had parked it casually in the first available space. While they were away a traffic officer attached a numbered tag to the vehicle for parking in a prohibited zone. On their return, Rastus noticed the tag and was for throwing it into the street, but Rebecca restrained him.

"Sabe de ticket, honey," she said. "Dat number might win sumthin'."



One-fourth more juice

It is conservative to state that Seald-Sweet,* Florida's finest oranges, have fully one-fourth more juice than ordinary oranges. Make the test yourself and see. Seald-Sweet oranges are juiciest and sweetest because they are prime, tree-ripened oranges, fruit that has been permitted to mature

naturally in the warm sunshine and tropic rain. Ask for Seald-Sweet oranges and get one-fourth more juice.

Note: A dozen Seald-Sweet oranges go as far as fifteen of the other kind for "home mixing." One-fourth more juice means real economy. Make the test and see.

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE, TAMPA

Seald Sweet

Florida's finest Oranges



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When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby—have a Camel!



Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skillful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

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For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and kept—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigaretty after-taste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

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Have a Camel!



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